

FEBRUARY 1956

# Maryknoll



THE FREEDOM KIDS AT THE BAMBOO GATE—p. 46



**MOUNTAIN MELODY** — To Andean peoples, their music means much more than something to dance by. It is the soulful expression of their age-old culture, which, crowned with Christianity, they long to keep.



# POWER

**Maremi risked his life to tell  
the secret of his initiation.**

**BY ALPHONSE SCHIAVONE, M.M.**

■ MAREMI looked down at the pile he had made. Thoughtfully he touched the large dirty gourd, the short slim spears, picked up one of the three curved bulls' horns, shook the small brown gourd until the bits of dried bone rattled inside. These

were all his, the instruments of his art. Now after using them for twelve years he had brought them all to the mission and placed them in a pile before the church.

From his pocket he drew a box of matches, placed it on the ground, and began to heap dried grass up on the articles of his trade. Then he looked around and into the faces of his wife and three children; his five friends who had helped him to the mission; that of Father James, his former foe but now his staunch friend. Beyond, he could see the

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blue waters of Lake Victoria, calm in the afternoon sun. From high on the hill of Mwanangi, he could see the villages where he was once welcomed and feared.

Shaking himself from his reverie, Maremi picked up the box of matches and set fire to the pile. It was a funeral pyre, too. For he was there publicly sending up in smoke his past life — a life of excitement and material gain — to begin a new life, perhaps one of poverty. The smoke was thick and gray and heavy. As the wind fanned the fire, a look of relief came over Maremi's face: it was done! The feeling of freedom was transmitted to those around and they laughed and congratulated him.

Maremi, at thirty-five years of age, was a well-known *nfumu*, or witch doctor, among his Wasukuma tribesmen. At the age of twenty-three he had been initiated into the select group of *bafumu*, along with four of his friends. He still carried scars on his forehead, face, arms and back; they were the results of the ritual. By the initiation, and through those markings, he was given the power to fight all evil spirits.

The young witch doctor had taken his new life seriously and as yet, had not realized the intrigue and the jealousies which were to come his way among those of his own sect.

Twelve years later, before the feast of Easter, he was ready to give up all those powers and take on new ones — materially unprofit-

able ones, but spiritually so powerful that he could command, as it were, his God to come to him, to be his food and his consolation. The mystery of darkness was to be replaced by the mystery of light. Did Maremi renounce the devil? He did. Did he renounce all his works? He did. Did he renounce all his pomps? He did. Twelve years ago he had promised to keep secret all the rituals and sources of power of the *balungu*. Now he was promising to make public and spread abroad all the knowledge of ritual and power he was to receive in his new religion of regeneration.

During one of his long private talks with his pastor, Maremi told his secrets for all the small world about him to know. He realized that at the time of his initiation he was warned that if he ever let slip one secret, he would meet sudden and violent death.

The central idea of the Wasukuma pagan religion is called *Ilungu*, which consists mainly in appeasing the evil spirits of the dead. The priests of this cult are witch doctors and they are called the *balungu*. Maremi was a *ndungu* or *nfumu*, which is more common. The main work of this group is to hold dances during which they try to propitiate the evil spirits, to avoid evil in the future or to bring about a cessation of a present evil.

It is believed that some people have power over specific material elements. One *nfumu* has a type of root that, when made into a secret



mixture, will cause an enemy to get swollen feet upon contact. This *bugota* is spread over the threshold of the enemy's house. A prayer involving evil spirits is said, and from that moment, only the enemy can be harmed. If a friend should pass that way, he will be left unharmed.

It must not be imagined that all that the *nfumu* does is witchcraft. They do have a knowledge of herbs which they keep a secret among themselves in order to swell their own treasury and to gain prestige among the people. Recently, a young married woman was having difficulty breathing. She was sent to the hospital and after two months was released as incurable. She returned home and went to an *nfumu*. He chewed the roots he had collected, applied them to her chest. Within two weeks she was cured and has not had a recurrence of her heart trouble.

Maremi knew all about these things but he had witchcraft mixed in with his practice. His trade had brought in a steady income, his fees varying from one goat to five or ten sheep, a bull or a couple of cows, and even chickens from the poor.

Most native medicine is made from the roots of trees, but the native doctors do not consider it effective unless it is mixed with ground parts of certain animals, such as the head of a cock or a large *mbeshi* bird or the brains of a hyena

or the throat of a lion or a leopard.

After his conversion, Maremi explained the incisions performed during the initiation ceremony. He was told to sit in the center of the

*kraal*, surrounded by the elders of the sect. He was given incisions in four places. In each, some of the mixture of medicine was applied: on the

top of the head, to impart the power of reading dreams; on the forehead, to frighten evil wizards he might meet; on the tongue, to confound his clients; on the breast, to make him fearless as a rock.

When asked why more people do not know about these things, Maremi explained: "During the initiation ceremony all the candidates are put in a pit one on top of the other. Before rising, each one is given a few hard blows with a rod and warned of impending disaster if any secrets leak out. They are all bound by fear."

Maremi is a clean-cut young man, standing about five feet eight inches. He has quick lively eyes that bespeak a sharp intelligence. He carries himself with confidence. Now he is the outcast of his former colleagues. He will go back to his village and tend his garden and cattle, watching the coffers of the *bafumu* fill. He will be left alone for fear of Government reprisal, unless his enemies can harm him in some secret way that will be beyond detection. ■ ■

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.



*"We found them living in a dump..."*

# REPORT TO YOU

**Accomplishment is the axiom  
for aiding Hong Kong's poor.**

**BY PAUL J. DUCHESNE, M.M.**

■ OVER A YEAR ago, we reported to readers of MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR about the almost 900 refugees, mostly from North China, whom we found living in the Hong Kong dump. Those refugees eked out their existence by digging, scraping, and scratching in Hong Kong's refuse, salvaging old rags and paper, bottles and bones, plastic from broken combs, lead from dental and shaving-cream tubes. They sold such salvage in order to live. Over 400 children had been born in the dump, and those youngsters worked alongside their parents. Very few of the children had gone to school.

We visited the place because we had heard that the Hong Kong Government had decided to turn

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the dump into an industrial area, and the refugees would have to move. It was our hope that a way could be found to help those refugees find better homes, and to give the children schooling.

Because of our five years' experience in building low-cost housing for refugees, the Hong Kong Government listened to our plans with sympathy. The Government agreed to supply a six-acre site at Ngau Tau Kok, a short distance from Kai Tak airport, where Father Peter A. Reilly, of Roxbury, Mass., has a refugee mission. The Government promised to grade and improve the site, and build an access road that would handle vehicular traffic.

The Bishops' Relief Services of

the National Catholic Welfare Conference then contacted the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration. As a result, we received a grant of \$40,000 to construct new homes for the refugees. No part of the funds was deducted for administration; the entire amount was used for building.

Two days after the money had been deposited in Hong Kong, we commenced work on the new houses. To provide the maximum amount of aid, we gave the contract for the housing to a refugee contractor from North China, instructing him that only refugees who needed employment should be hired to work on the project. Altogether the project provided 32,000 man-

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*"So we built them..."*

days of employment to refugees who were to move into the project when completed, or who lived nearby.

It took three months to complete our building project. When it was done, 196 houses had been constructed, at an average cost of less than \$200 apiece. Each house is ventilated from the roof, and each has a kitchen. The money left over from the FOA grant was equal to the cost of one house.

Some 850 Chinese refugees saw a dream come true, when they moved from shacks and lean-tos into a new

life of promise and happiness. The tenants occupy their new homes at a fee of \$1.80 a month for each. The fees are paid to the Hong Kong Housing Authority, which is responsible for sidewalks, roads and upkeep of the property.

The Ngau Tau Kok site was chosen for the development because it is near the primary school and handicraft-training center operated by Maryknoll. Thus for the first time, refugee parents can send their children to school, and they themselves can be trained for profitable



## *196 houses at Ngau Tau Kok."*

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occupations. In addition, a free clinic, also operated by Maryknoll, protects the health of the people.

There still remains the problem of finding new means of livelihood for these former "dump" dwellers, but that problem is being worked on. If we could repeat the building project many times, for others in equally difficult circumstances, employment would be available and the economy gradually strengthened.

The fact that, on a Ngau Tau Kok hill, 196 good houses are now

inhabited by hundreds of families who otherwise would have faced the typhoon season in makeshift quarters, is standing proof of what can be done by teamwork. The Hong Kong Government, the American Bishops' Relief Services, the United States Government, and Maryknoll joined forces and pooled their resources, to accomplish a badly needed job. We hope that this recently concluded project will be only the first of a long line for helping those who fled tyranny in Red China.

■ ■

# LATIN-AMERICAN CATHOLICS

## Baptized, Believing, but Not Practicing

**Father William J. Coleman, native of Shelby, Ohio, has long been a student of Latin America. Ordained in 1939, Father Coleman continued his studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., in Rome and South America. South American ecclesiastical history was the subject of his thesis for his doctorate in philosophy. Since 1950, he has been director of the Maryknoll agricultural and industrial school in Molina, Chile.**

**Q** *What proportion of Latin Americans are Catholic, Father Coleman?*

**A** In a recent article in *Latin America*, Father Jean Alvarez Mejia says that, of the 154 million inhabitants of the 20 Latin-American republics, more than 95% declared in recent censuses that they are Catholics.

**Q** *That would mean about 140 million Catholics?*

**A** Yes. A third part of the total Catholic population of the world.

**Q** *What is the background of this Catholicism?*

**A** It resulted from the fact that the colonizing powers — Spain and

Portugal—introduced Catholicism, and created a culture and dictated laws in conformity with Christian teachings. The Church's roots were sunk so deep that persecutions, civil wars, foreign influences and propaganda, and lack of clergy, have never achieved any real separation between the Church and the vast majority of South Americans.

**Q** *Then a study of Catholicism here should be very simple.*

**A** On the contrary. The more one studies the Church in Latin America today, the more involved and enigmatic it becomes.

**Q** *How do you explain that?*

**A** First of all, there are different types of Catholicism. The Latin-American Catholicism is distinctly different from North American or Northern European Catholicism. If the Catholicism of Italy or France, but especially of Spain, is understood, then the Catholicism in Latin America will be more easily understood.

**Q** Will you explain this in more detail?

**A** Well, the vast majority of the 140 million Catholics, baptized and believing as they may be said to be, have no real notion of what a Catholic is or should be.

**Q** I suppose you are referring to the Sunday Mass obligation?

**A** That is as good an example as any. Take the statistics for Chile — and this is not doing an injustice to any one country. Only 3½% of the men and 9¼% of the women go to Mass on Sunday. Only 14% fulfill the Easter duty which would make them, canonically speaking, Catholics. Half the people die without the Last Sacraments, and at least half are married outside the Church. Yet 98% are baptized, and 75% receive Confirmation.

**Q** Then the picture does not seem very bright.

**A** There is another side. There is an active and strong movement on the part of clergy and active laity to remedy these conditions. The enlightened work of Catholic Action in all countries is bearing fruit.

**Q** Wasn't this the study of the Inter-American Catholic Action Week in 1953?

*I have heard that this was a real inquest into the state of the Church.*

**A** It was a unique study, done objectively and with exactness. The study was made on three major points: The religious sincerity of the average Latin-American Catholic; his religious knowledge; and the conformity of his life to the spirit of the Gospels.

**Q** What were the conclusions?

**A** The conclusion was that not only is Latin America not Catholic, but each day becomes more paganized.

**Q** Were the reasons for these conclusions explained?

**A** The report pointed out that the people are ignorant of the fundamental truths of the Faith; that they do not practice their religion; that there are many who deny defined dogmas and do not recognize the indissolubility of marriage and the teaching power of the Church. In other words, it showed that a Catholic in Latin America is more often than not a nominal Catholic; or if that epithet is too much overworked, a notional Catholic, not a real one — to use Cardinal Newman's well-known distinction of ideas.

**Q** From your observations in Latin America, would you say that the Church furnishes leadership?

**A** It depends upon what you mean. The Church furnishes little leadership in the secular world of ideas and movements. We lack positive programs for given situations. The Church does have a traditional



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and routine influence with the common people but little intellectual appeal for the educated classes. It would surprise many Latin Americans to learn that Catholicism has a far greater influence in the United States, where it is a minority, than it does here.

**Q** *From the viewpoint of history, what are some of the factors causing conditions as we find them today?*

**A** There are a number of important factors. First, the Spanish kings exercised direct control of the Church and missions, through the Council of the Indies. This unique arrangement, which might be considered a Spanish Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, accomplished great things for the Faith, but it also possessed a great weakness, and that was the complete exclusion of papal intervention. This deficiency becomes evident when we study the decline of Spanish authority in the Americas. In the later prenational and national periods, the exclusion of all apostolic delegates or nuncios, on the theory that the king or state was the vicar delegate of the Pope, was almost disastrous. The Council of the Indies did not allow a single one of the thirty-five Spanish-American bishops to attend the Council of Trent. Not a single papal document entered the New World without approval of the Council.

**Q** *But didn't all of this change when independence came to the countries of Latin America?*

**A** Definitely not. The national

governments attempted to absorb the former rights of the Spanish monarchs and set up national patronage and national vicariates. They attempted to go to an even greater extreme than the King of Spain. When the Holy See resisted this intrusion on its authority, many national governments became hostile to the Church. All but a few Spanish bishops found themselves exiled or otherwise deprived of their right to exercise jurisdiction.

**Q** *What was the result of this?*

**A** A generation of ecclesiastical chaos in the relations of the Church with the State, and within the Church itself. Every diocese and every religious community came to have sharp political divisions, royalists or republicans. This worked havoc on the pastoral ministry.

**Q** *The attack against the Church was direct, was it not?*

**A** Yes. During the colonial era, the civil government protected the Church from attack. But during the nationalist epoch, the forces of Freemasonry, French anticlericalism, laicism, and Spanish regalism were allowed to do what damage they wished to do.

**Q** *Did the Church have any strength in the educational field at this time, Father Coleman?*

**A** Colleges were laicized and nationalized, after the French model. Always the strongest support of the Church in the lay world was her dominance in the field of education. This she lost at a most critical time.

**Q** *When was the problem solved?*

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**A** I presume you mean the problem of the right of patronage?

**Q** Yes.

**A** Only in 1830, after papal policy had gone through five involved phases, and when the first Apostolic Delegation for Spanish America was set up in Brazil, did the problem begin to be solved. Only through this agency, did the Church get information on candidates for the almost-extinct hierarchy.

**Q** You mean that Rome would not appoint bishops?

**A** The Papacy was determined not to sacrifice principle and allow the new national governments to absorb the wrong and suspended "rights" of the Spanish kings. The governments, on the other hand, would not accept a bishop named unilaterally by Rome.

**Q** Don't you feel that the missionaries would have established a national clergy better than they did?

**A** The missionaries required time to work out a method. In Mexico, for example, within the first twenty-five years, a thousand friars arrived from Europe, but they didn't yet have any methods. If they had experience and a well-evolved mission theory, they probably would have been able more quickly to develop a national clergy.

**Q** By what date was a good theory evolved? When was the Golden Age of mission work in Latin America?

**A** I'd say it would be about 1600.

**Q** And how long did that period continue?

**A** About fifty years, because after

that there was a political change in policy towards the Church.

**Q** Where were mission techniques exercised the best?

**A** Mexico is supposed to have been the best missionized.

**Q** By whom?

**A** By the Franciscans, especially.

**Q** What did the early missionaries aim at, when they first came over?

**A** Everybody was supposed to become Catholic as quickly as possible, with the result that the methods tended to hasty conversions. There was little time for convincing the individual. The people were used as catechists. The missionaries sent boys out to sing the catechism. By today's standards, these methods would not be considered adequate. It was presumed that every Indian wanted to become a Catholic. Merely baptizing and enrolling him was supposed to make him one.

**Q** And what about a national clergy being developed?

**A** At first a Creole clergy developed, a clergy born in Latin America of Spanish parentage. Then mestizos were accepted, people of mixed Spanish and Indian parentage. In great areas, Indians were not accepted to study for the priesthood. However, all during the colonial period the Church depended upon Spanish priests for development.

**Q** The wonder seems to be that the Church continued to exist here in Latin America.

**A** That's right. The preservation of the Church was a direct act of

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Providence. The Church withstood at one time the forces of French Liberalism, Freemasonry, and Protestantism, without losing its traditional place in the life of the average Latin American.

**Q** *I think one point ought to be brought out clearly. Was the policy of discouraging Indian vocations the policy of the Church?*

**A** The fact that Indians were not admitted to the priesthood was not due to discrimination on the part of the Church. It was the unwillingness of the Spanish rulers to allow Indians to rise to positions of influence. As I pointed out, it was not the Holy See which made the rules, but the Spanish Council of the Indies. The whole weakness of the missions in those days was that they were, practically speaking, an arm of the Spanish Government, rather than a function of the Holy See.

**Q** *Would you summarize the discussion, Father Coleman?*

**A** In Latin America today, we find a unique type of Catholicism which is not less Catholic because it is distinct from other types such as our own. The difference dates from its first missionization, which in strict sense must be considered as having been highly successful. The visible Church was founded in the New World, and the missionaries put at the disposition of pagans the necessary instrumentalities of grace for conversion.

**Q** *And what remains to be done?*

**A** Mission work in the broad sense remains. We must put the means of salvation within practical reach of the people, who do not now have them through circumstance beyond their control. The Church here must experience a second missionization. For this task, there is more to work on here than on any other continent, thanks to Catholic tradition here.

**Q** *Thank you, Father.*

## INDY ANN SLIPS AGAIN



# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Today, why do we Catholics have such a problem with the question of why your ears are covered, Sister?" This was the result of a Maryknoll Sister's efforts to impress a four-year-old with the mystery of the Divine Presence. Sister had told Christ's Bodily Presence and how she would not hear His voice with her ears but rather in her heart.

In the struggle to establish God's Kingdom on earth, the problem of closed eyes and covered ears is ever present. When those, obligated by their vocation to spread God's Kingdom, are prevented from hearing His words, what chance have they of advancing that Kingdom? The Gospel message is full of references to the Kingdom — a state in which God is King and consequently Ruler. It is vital for the missionary to grasp this fundamental truth lest he build his house upon sand. How often is missionary work wiped out by some accident of war or of politics! Magnificent efforts like the Reductions in Paraguay, the wonderful Church in North Africa, the flourishing 16th Century Church in Japan!

How often do we find that the only memory we have of many of these so-called failures is that of some man of God whose life was so dominated by the thought of the Kingdom, that his memory survived centuries and still lives, an edification for succeeding generations —

men like Las Casas and Xavier.

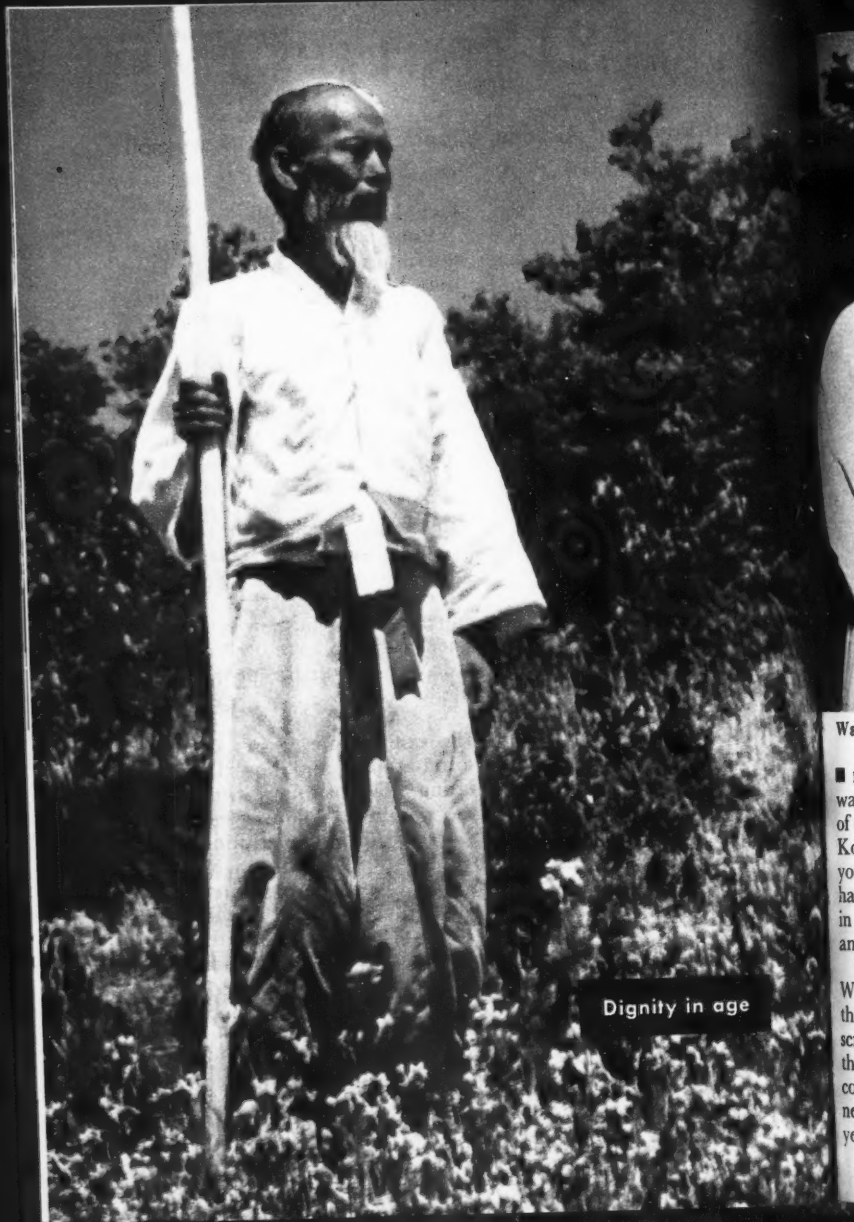
Roman Guardini has put the question so forcibly in "The Lord" that I shall quote him. "What is it that actually has power over us? What rules man? People mainly. Those who speak to me, whose words I read, those with whom I associate or would like to associate with; the people who give or withhold, who help or hinder me; the people I love or influence or to whom I am bound by duty — these rule me. God counts only when people permit Him to, when they and their demands leave me free for Him. God rules only in spite of people; He reigns only inasmuch as consciousness of His Presence is able to force itself upon me, to co-exist with the people in my life."

The author then passes from persons to things, and shows the devastating effect of things in the life of the would-be follower of Christ. He ends up his description of this intolerable situation with these words: "God is present in me only when the crowding, all absorbing things of my world leave room for Him — either in or through them, or somewhere in the periphery of this existence. No, God certainly does not dominate my life. What would life be like if God did rule in me?"

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War's heritage: thousands of homeless orphans and abandoned children.

■ **HARDLY** five years ago, Korea was a land unknown to a vast part of the American population. Today Korea is well known, and many a young man from the United States has walked strange-smelling streets in such places as Pusan, Inchon, and Seoul.

The Korean people resisted the West for many centuries. During that period, Christianity was proscribed, and missionaries had to enter the country in disguise. Once the country was opened, however, the new religion flourished. Recent years witnessed many new martyrs.

## FACES OF KOREA

PHOTOS BY GEORGE M. CARROLL,  
R. G. WRIGHT, E. S. ORANGE,  
DOUGLAS CRONK, A. W. NADOLNY



Life has never been easy for the freedom-loving Koreans, but since war's end the people have worked hard to restore their country — work shared by men and women, boys and girls. Yet many thousands of Koreans have found the time to study Christianity, and each year witnesses the steady growth and influence of the Church in a land where Christ was forbidden.





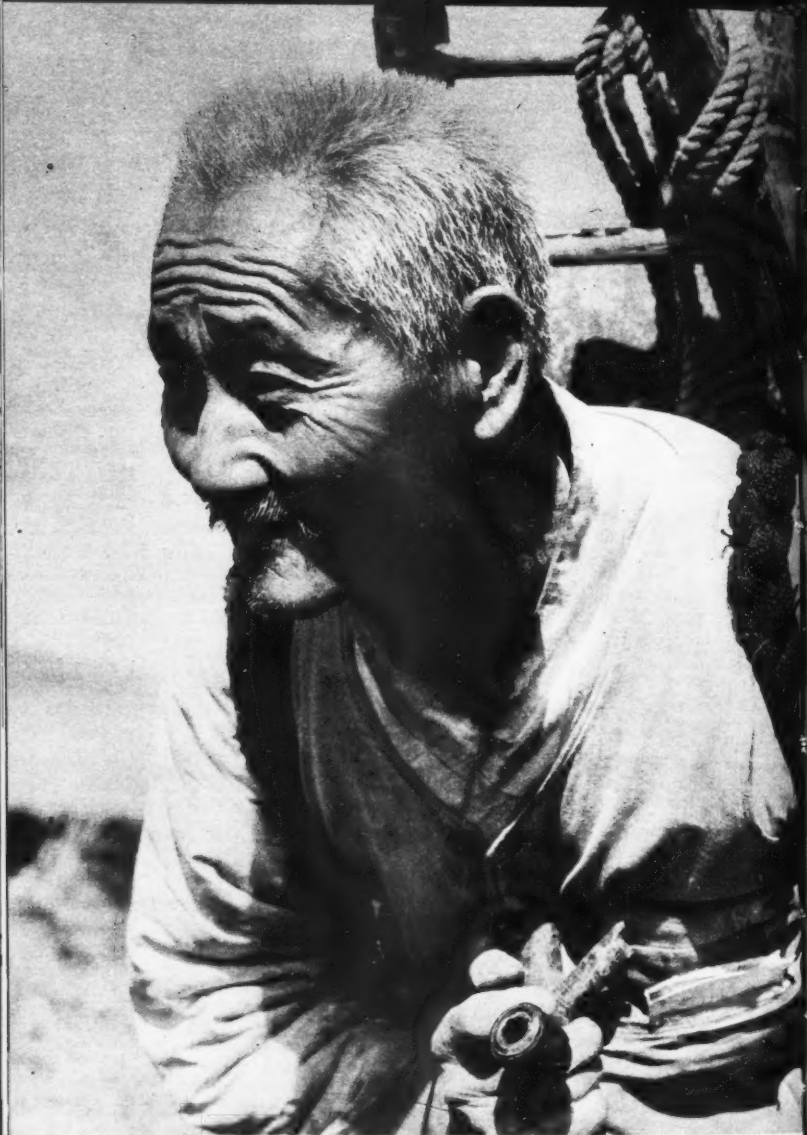
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Koreans like warm colors, and the children in native garb brighten any picture. Old folks dress in white — a color equivalent to our own mournful and funereal black.



**Father John Walsh (New Haven, Conn.) puzzles over a way to line up these mission-school youngsters for a picture at Maryknoll in Chechon.**





Land of Burdens. The farmer (above) trudges to his home in the hills.  
(Right) Everywhere that Brother goes, Little Brother is sure to follow.



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follow.



# THE D.A. of SKYTOWN

He didn't have the ghost of a chance  
to get the job — or so they thought.

BY DANIEL B. McLELLAN, M.M.

■ I DON'T know why, but tonight I have been thinking about a winter evening several years ago, when the D.A. returned to the practice of his Faith. Bathed in the glow of that clean, light feeling we all know well, he left the church and hurried home to tell his wife that he had gone to confession and would receive Communion with her on the next day — their wedding anniversary.

A half hour later, he was back again. He hadn't forgotten anything, but he did have a problem. In spite of his best courtroom manner, he couldn't convince his wife that he really had gone to confession.

"Unless I see you go in and come out of the confessional, I'll never believe it!" said his doubting spouse — appropriately named Tomasita. "And you are not going to Communion with me until I do!"

So the D.A. approached me in the back of the church, and we returned to the confessional. When he came out, he found his wife crying

from happiness because her prayers had been answered.

That was three years ago. Since then, Enrique Cuentas, the D.A. of Skytown — Puno, Peru — has been one of our leading Catholic laymen. He receives Communion at least once a week; has brought more than ten men back to the sacraments; and drops into the rectory at odd hours just to say, "Hello." Enrique is no pretender at false piety. He is a man's man, head of the city's Sports Committee and an enthusiastic bullfight aficionado.

Some months ago, the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima was brought to our town. A few days before her visit, there occurred a vacancy on the Superior Court of Puno and Madre de Dios. Enrique's name was one of six presented to the Government for selection. He was, however, the youngest of the six candidates.

While all the others rushed to Lima to contact friends in high places, Enrique stayed home to re-

ceive the Pilgrim Virgin. Cynics laughingly said, "Wait and see how much help he gets from the Virgin!" The local politicians counted out our D.A. It was too bad Enrique was a practicing Catholic, many said. They argued that no one would get ahead in Puno unless he was a Mason.

Tonight after First Friday devotions, I met Enrique in the sacristy. "See you in the rectory in a few minutes," he said. "First I want to thank some special friends of mine."

He went over to the altars of the Sacred Heart and the Virgin of Fatima. A few minutes later, he was in the rectory, telephoning his wife. He had won! The judgeship was his. He had gone to church to thank God, before even telling his wife.

That's the story of the D.A. of Skytown, who is now Judge Enrique Cuentas of the Superior Court. He is an exemplary Catholic husband and father, the right hand of the pastor, and president of the parish credit union.

One often hears it said that the Church is unable to reach the men of Latin America. It makes one feel good when, in this old-time citadel of freethinking, semi-agnosticism and fervent Masonry, one sees more men than women present at the Holy Sacrifice.

A new day is dawning, or perhaps it is the evening of fulfillment. One by one, our men of Skytown are consenting to kneel before the cross of the confessional. And that was done not very long ago by the freethinkers' leader. Perhaps someday we shall get around to telling you that story, also. ■ ■

## MEET A MARYKNOLLER

MARTIN J. BURKE



■ IN 1911, at the age of twelve, young Martin Burke sailed into New York Harbor from his native Ireland.

With his family, he settled in the proud borough of Brooklyn. It was while attending St. Joseph's School there, that he met a future priest, bishop, and martyr, Francis X. Ford.

With typical Brooklyn enthusiasm, young Martin looked into the new Catholic Foreign Mission Society. He liked what he saw, and in September, 1920, journeyed to Maryknoll to begin his studies. Nine years later, he was ordained.

Father Burke's first assignment was to Kongmoon, China, where he worked under Bishop James E. Walsh (who is now confined by the Reds in Shanghai).

After many years in South China, Father Burke returned to America, to work among Chinese people in New York, Cleveland, Chicago. He founded Maryknoll's Chinese Mission in the Windy City. For this work, he was decorated by the Chinese Government. In 1949 he was assigned to Hawaii, where he is presently serving as Group Superior. ■ ■

# All They Need Is a Parish

BY JOHN M. BREEN, M.M.



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## Here is a missionary's blueprint for restoring a crumbling Faith.

■ A MISSIONER's main object when entering a Guatemalan town for the first time is to establish gradually the proper authority of the Church and draw the people to a consciousness of their obligations as true members of that Church.

The missionary must deal with two classes of people: the Ladinos, Spanish speaking and partly Spanish blooded people; and the Indians. On the part of the Ladinos, the missionary will meet with a strong anti-clerical and cynical attitude — a hold-over from the liberal thought that held full sway in this country for a very long time.

Since the population is largely Indian, the missionary will soon clash head on with pagan rites. He will see that the *chemanes*, or medicine men, play a strong part in the religious, social, and political life of the Indians. From before the Indian baby is born, until after death, its life is strongly influenced by paganism. Before the baby is born, at the time of its birth, and shortly after, the family must perform *costumbre* for the child. At the time of sickness the *cheman* is called to explain the cause, administer the cure, and talk to the gods. The *cheman* is called to arrange for good crops, weather, health of the livestock, and to explain the adversities that come from nature. At death and after death, he is called to arrange that the soul of the person is properly cared for.

The town governing system consists of two divisions. In one are the civil mayor and his four counselors.

They handle all civil matters; but even their power and authority are limited by the religious mayor or *alcalde de costumbre*, and his four prayermen. For example, while I was in the town of San Pedro Necta the *jammaca*, or bridge, crossing the river, washed out. The civil mayor and his council decided a new bridge was needed but the religious mayor had to first pray to the various gods to determine when the bridge should be built. This sort of thing is done in every undertaking in the village.

The missionary entering the village for the first time, will usually find that the church has all but fallen to ruin. The statues are filthy, and the dirt floor is covered with ashes and wax from the pagan rites performed there.

This being the set-up, it is easy to understand why the newly arrived priest has a long row to hoe to establish the authority of the Church and bring the people around to a true Christian form of life.

The best means of winning the people is to show a real love for them despite all their failings. Friendliness is always manifested to the people along with a definite firmness. The priest will do everything possible for them, but at the same time he will not be shoved around by anyone. In the matter of spiritual authority, neither the civil mayor nor the medicine men can prevail.

The missionary makes it a point to list all the outlying villages and prepares to visit them. But before



going to the out-villages he must form a definite plan. One method is to send letters to the villages ahead of time, announcing the day he will arrive and the time of Mass, and also saying he will have something very important to tell the people. Another way is to contact people personally in the plaza and arrange the visit.

To assure a good attendance, I have always taken along a portable generator with lights to hang from trees. The people may only come to stare at the bulbs, but they are there and you can talk to them. The first visit is important, because one aim is to get men who will come willingly to the main town twice a month for a conference. You tell them you are looking for a few men to represent you. From that time on you show openly that the villages with such representatives have your special favor, and you stress the point that it is because of the men who came to the mission. Frequent visits are made; and little by little, the men who come in are won over and instructed. These men return to their villages and begin to instruct other villagers.

In the mission of San Antonio, where I started to work just a year ago, we held the first meeting with some six or seven men. Now, after one year, we have 130 men attending the meetings and teaching the people in their outmissions. Those men have been responsible for some 690 people learning the doctrine and making their First Communions, and also for some 56 couples getting married.

Once the missionary has a good-

sized group studying doctrine in an outmission he tells the people to build a chapel. A good incentive is to tell them that, if they build the chapel, the priest will give them the statue they want for it. Thanks to friends in the States, I was able to have four chapels built this year and to provide the statues for the chapels. A statue costs about a hundred dollars, so we must depend on help from the States to buy any. When the chapel is up, and the statue there, the missionary notices a large increase in those studying the doctrine and entering the Church.

The first marriages are the most important ones. They set the standard. If couples are married who are not well instructed, the result is only a shell of Catholicity and a mess to be cleaned up later. On the other hand a nucleus of well instructed couples will mean a lively Catholicity among all the villagers. After the first few are married, and the people see that they survived the ordeal, it becomes the accepted thing socially.

From the work of the catechists, whom the priest is continually instructing, Catholic family life is developed. From these families, you hope to receive the students for your future schools. And from these schools, with the help of God, will come your Catholic Church in a country formerly without priests.

The role of the missionary is not to stay in a country forever, but rather to work so that the people of that country can carry on their Catholic life under their own initiative and leadership. ■ ■

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**A room in the Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering \$1500.**

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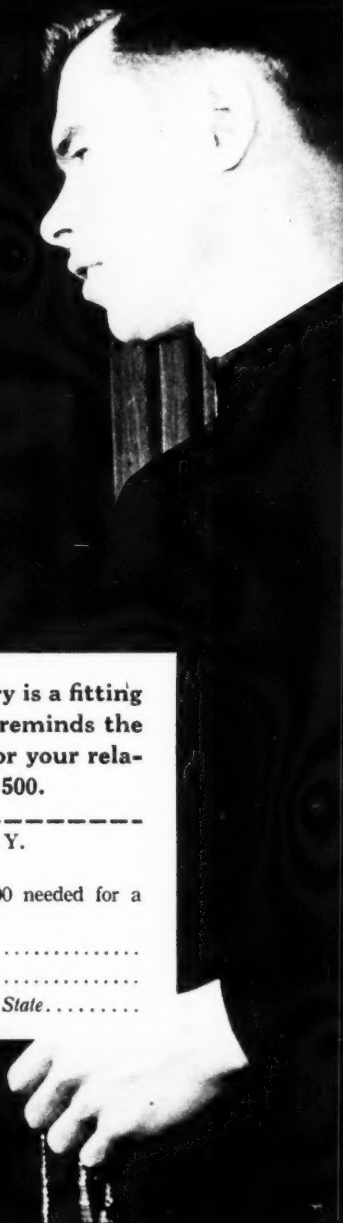
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BY MICHAEL J. McKILLOP, M.M.



# A Matter of Viewpoint

**Their surface serenity belies the sadness in their hearts.**

■ ONE seldom sees the Japanese manifest the emotional side of sorrow. Not even on those occasions when normally we of the Occidental world show distress in tears and sighs, do they give in to grief. A young man going abroad for a number of years is sent off by relatives and friends with the conventional, "Take care of yourself and hurry back." But no evidence of his parents' grief is seen. Widow or widower will sit through the long hours of the wake of a spouse and remain completely dry-eyed.

The casual observer might conclude from this that the Japanese are lacking the emotions of the rest of humankind. Actually, they have all the emotions of the rest of us, but their code of conduct forbids signs of sorrow lest others be made to suffer. Sorrow is a burden to be borne stoically in one's own heart.

At a recent funeral of an old parishioner, one of our young missionaries was shocked by what he considered the improper conduct of two grandchildren of the deceased. The incident occurred when their turn came to take part in the old Christian custom of having relatives throw spadefuls of earth on the coffin.

In Japan there is no nonsense about sparing the bereaved the sight

of the coffin. First the widow of the deceased accepted the spade and dropped the soil into the grave. Then the sons and daughters followed, in the solemn and simple ceremony of bidding farewell to their father's remains. No one enjoyed the task, but there was dignity in their duty.

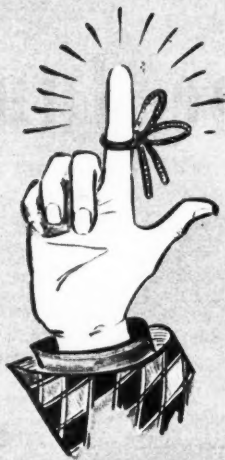
Finally two young grandchildren approached. With apparent pleasure, each threw, not one, but several measures of dirt in the grave. The children's attitude seemed disrespectful to the dead. It was too much for the missionary's patience.

"Do you think it is proper for them to carry on in this way?" the missionary asked the children's father.

"Perhaps Father does not understand," replied the Japanese. "My father was a great and good man, blessed by God. He was happily married and had a large family. He held the respect of all. He prospered in business. Even more important is the fact that, in this big city, my father was one of the few chosen to receive the true Faith, which he passed on to us. His death was not a sad one. He was anointed by the priest, and received the Last Sacraments. He left his parish church this morning with the final blessing of God on his remains. Heaven gave him seventy years of happiness, and the pledge of eternal joy. What, then, Father, is there to weep for? Had he been less blessed, or had he been a young man suddenly cut off from life, we might mourn. So, what is proper is often a matter of viewpoint."

The young missionary was silent. There was nothing left to say. ■ ■

FEBRUARY, 1956



## NO STRINGS

A **STRINGLESS GIFT** is one which you send to Maryknoll to be used as we see fit for the most pressing and urgent need at the moment on any of the four continents where Maryknoll is established. It is the kind of gift we like — no strings.

The mission fields and Maryknoll in the U.S.A. have many emergency needs arising out of the nature of our work. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift stringless. We prefer such.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**

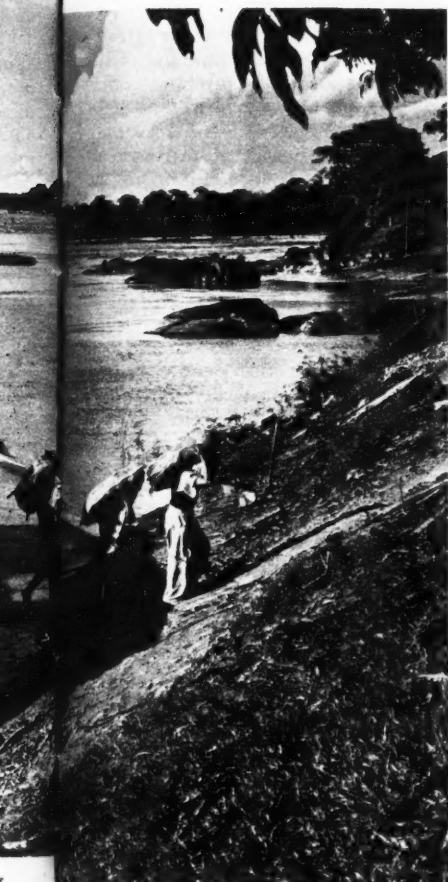
# The Jungle Can Be



For years others grew rich on them, but now they

# e Beaten

BY BISHOP THOMAS J. DANEHY, M.M.



**work for themselves.**

■ RIBERALTA is a town with a population of six to eight thousand. Its only reason for existence is a number of people living along the Beni and Madre de Dios Rivers.

Most of the rubber produced within the limits of the vicariate reaches Riberalta before being transhipped to Brazil or Peru. Most of the benefits of the extraction of rubber stay in Riberalta, while but a few benefits trickle back through the jungle to the people who have produced several fortunes for their different patrons, and who continue to maintain Riberalta.

Blanca Flor is an attempt to give the people of the rivers a just return on their arduous labor. It is an attempt to get away from the system of paternalism — as some would charitably call it — or of exploitation and what amounts to slavery, among the people living along the rivers. It is also an attempt to make the work of the missionary more productive, to give the rubber worker an opportunity for daily contact with the priest, instead of the annual or semiannual visit that he now receives.

Fortaleza, a rubber settlement of some three hundred families, still provides many difficulties for the missionary. The river-front area is populated by some thirty families. Throughout a vast expanse of jungle, the rest of the families are bunched together in some eight to

ten groups ranging from four to forty families per group. This is the best grouping we have along the river. The work under such conditions is difficult and unproductive. It allows for baptisms, confirmations, marriages, but hardly any real development of Catholic faith and Catholic practice.

The main purpose of the Blanca Flor project is to form a cooperative of both buyers and consumers, for the people who now live in isolated spots along the Beni River or within the jungle itself. On a property ceded to us by the Bolivian Government, we hope to band together some five hundred families within a period of ten years.

In the economic field, we plan to start out by:

- (a) Using rubber fields already in existence on the property;
- (b) gathering Brazil nuts and chocolate which abound;
- (c) establishing large farms on which rice, yuca, and corn will be planted in abundance to avoid the perennial food shortage, to supply our own people, and to insure sufficient food for the children of our boarding school;
- (d) maintaining a large vegetable garden to provide variety in the food supply;
- (e) raising cattle, pigs and chickens to insure a good supply of meat, eggs and lard for the people;
- (f) establishing a rubber plantation with the help of Mr. Paul

Tobler of the Point IV program of the U.S. Government;

(g) sowing fields of coffee, tobacco, vanilla, sugar cane, and peanuts, all of which give excellent

harvests in our jungle region;

(h) experimenting with jute and cotton in time;

(i) taking advantage of

the fine woods so common in the jungle (cedar and mahogany abound) for the buildings in Blanca Flor, and in time, with a sawmill, producing sufficient wood to satisfy the demands of the cooperative and even to allow for export to the interior of the country.

At present, the people in the rubber fields must stay there. But we hope eventually to relocate most of the people in agricultural work, and have some of the products processed on the property itself; for example, sugar, chocolate, tobacco.

Apart from the ordinary advantages accorded by law to a cooperative, there is this special advantage in Bolivia. We can buy dollars from the Government for the purchase of imports of prime necessity for the people, at the rate of 190 bolivianos to the dollar; while the black market commands a rate of 1,500 bolivianos to the dollar. This vast saving would be passed on to the people.

In the educational field, we plan to have a primary school, starting in 1955 with the first two grades. In each succeeding year, we will add another grade, until we have the complete primary course of six

#### IF MORE THAN ONE

copy of our magazine is arriving at your address, will you kindly clip off the addresses from the current copies and tell us to which person the copy should go?



years. Following this, the plan calls for a secondary technical school, with special emphasis on agriculture, carpentry, and mechanics, so that the youth will be able to take an active and progressive part in the cooperative without being doomed to the *mozo* class.

We expect to have the Maryknoll Sisters in Blanca Flor within a year or two. They will take charge of the school and the dispensary — absolute necessities in such a project. If possible, both the primary and secondary will in time become boarding schools, so as to make the training of the youth as complete as possible.

Technical assistance, in both the cooperative and the school, will come partially from a group of Catholic-Action-minded men from Cochabamba. One man—for example—an agricultural engineer who has already visited Blanca Flor, is enthusiastic over the project, and is willing to join forces with us whenever we call him. At present he is studying the cooperative laws of Bolivia to help us avoid any pitfalls. There is an advantage in having Bolivian technicians, an advantage that would not be there if we were to import technicians.

A priest will be in charge of Blanca Flor, from the beginning until such a time as we feel that the people themselves can operate their own cooperative. The Bolivian Government has set January of 1960 as the date on which we will turn the

cooperative over to the people. But I doubt very seriously that they will be ready in such a short time. The development of responsibility in the people will be a long-drawn-out process. Part of the program of Blanca Flor is the indoctrination of the people in the fundamentals and government of a cooperative.

We intend to bring in established families, with a view of setting up a rural community, which in time will be self-governing with its own civil authorities to make its own laws. Each family will become a landowner. Paternalism must prevail for the next ten years. In the course of time, as leaders are developed, they will take on responsibility and authority under the guidance of the priest.

The priest in charge will carefully select each family that is to come into Blanca Flor, so that the spiritual, moral, intellectual, and economic levels will be settled around the best class of people that we can find. We will not bring in any unmarried person, except in an extraordinary case where such would be of a positive and progressive value to Blanca Flor.

The Bolivian Government has approved the project in all its aspects, and the only type of government that would throw us out of Blanca Flor would be a Communist one.

Blanca Flor is an ambitious program. But if it should succeed, it would change the whole economy or our region. ■ ■

A KNOW-IT-ALL asked a Chinese: "When do the dead come up to eat the food you leave on their graves?" Quickly, the Chinese answered: "At the same time they come up to smell the flowers you Westerners leave!" — Emery Scheller



# MOTHER OF REFUGEES

Lady on the Road to Egypt,  
you pave the way to the  
  hearts  
of refugees.  
For, your dark path of pain  
and tribulation  
is just like theirs,  
as they flee from friendly  
  climes  
to strangers' shores.

They carry the barest  
  essentials.  
They tread wearily  
under burning skies.  
They walk to uncertainty,  
feeling separation and  
  desolation.

Lady on the road to Egypt,  
how great must be  
your compassion  
for refugees from China!  
Your motherly love for them  
is deep consolation.  
It gives the strength of  
  resignation;  
the hope that God will bring  
a final restoration  
in Christ,  
Who also walked the road  
  to Calvary  
that He might rule upon  
  a cross,  
and conquer hearts  
for all eternity.

Lady in Exile,  
Seeking a roof  
for habitation;

dreaming of a temple  
for adoration;  
praying for Joseph  
in search of a market  
for his heavy labor.  
As we find you in Egypt,  
faithful wife and fairest  
  mother  
suffering calmly  
the pain of exile,  
how truly you are  
the mother of all hope,  
the courage of China's  
  refugees!

As you find them, then,  
clustered on the hills  
of Junk Bay and Kowloon  
  Tsai;  
in Central District,  
Diamond Hill, King's Park,  
Kennedy Town,  
Cheung Sha Wan, Hung Hom  
and Shek Kep Mi . . .

Take them all  
to your Immaculate Heart.  
Make them feel its beat  
for each and everyone.  
You are their Mother.  
Bring them all to Christ,  
your Son.

Mother of Refugees,  
We cry to you.  
We trust in you.  
Grant salvation  
to the world!

— Sister M. Marcelline, O.P.

# What Are They Missing?

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ TO REALIZE how necessary it is to put other people in possession of the Faith, consider how necessary it is for us not to be deprived of it. Have we ever stopped to visualize the full effects of this divine possession in our own lives?

Did it help you any, to know that your children were blessed in their cradles by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in their hearts through their baptism, and that they would grow up secure in the fatherly protection of God, in the strengthening love of His Son, in the solicitous care of Christ's Mother? Did it enrich your life any, to see your children enrich theirs by babbling their first little confessions, by uniting their own innocent hearts with the Sacred Heart of the Saviour of the world on the happiest of days, when they received first Holy Communion?

And coming to the end of life, did

you not find that you still had the answers? Do you remember the occasion when someone near and dear was parted from you, and how consoling it was to say the last good-by before the altar. Was the dear one your father or your mother? And did it mean nothing when God Himself became present at the solemn moment of the Mass, very much as if He had come down in person to conduct your loved one to heaven? These are the things that count.

If you would miss these things from your own life, do you not suppose that their absence from the lives of your brothers and sisters scattered all over the world is the greatest of all deprivations? You want to help those brothers and sisters, but do you know how? You would not see them starve, if you had bread to give them. And if you found them in some other serious

## This Month's Cover



THE boy on our cover this month wears a junior-sized version of the gauchito's dashing outfit. Chile's national dress. Chilean youngsters discover in gauchos all the fascination and excitement that United States children find in the cowboys of our Wild West. The gauchos of Chile are famous for their skillful and daring feats of horsemanship. (See also page 29)

material need, you might sentimentalize over them all day long. Yet they have a graver need that you are overlooking. You want to put money in their pockets, when you could put heaven in their hearts.

TO SEE the ideal, to embrace the ideal, to share the ideal, is characteristic of the missionary. All Christians partly understand the mission of Christ, but they apply it to their own lives in different ways. Some Christians believe Christ, while others live Christ. Some put His cross on their altars and bow before it, while others put His cross on their backs and carry it. The missionary is an idealist. He will go the whole way and give all, in order to reproduce the mission of Christ, and thus squander his life for his ideal. He does humanly what Christ did divinely. He does in his measure what Christ did without measure. And therefore, as Christ went to the divine limit in ministering to the needs of men, so the missionary goes to his human limit.

This idealism is in an especial manner the birthright of youth; and as such, it is one of God's greatest natural assets in the world that He created. It is an asset that He counts on heavily in order to get His work done in the world. He is going to turn over the destiny of the world to the generation that is growing up, so He prepares that generation for His trust. And one of the most important items in the young people's preparation is that divine spark of aspiration to the

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

—  
TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911  
by the American Hierarchy to  
prepare missionaries from the  
United States and to send them  
forth, under the direction of the  
Holy See, to the mission fields  
of the world.

highest things, which He puts into their hearts when they first come into the world formed by His hands.

We find this quality in our young people, and we call it idealism. It is the mark of their own divine origin, a proof that they came from God and are going back to God, and an indication that their real home must be in some place other than this world — some place where the ideal exists. That place is heaven. So we have a child of this world animated by an ideal of the next world; a creature who dwells on earth but keeps his heart's home in heaven.





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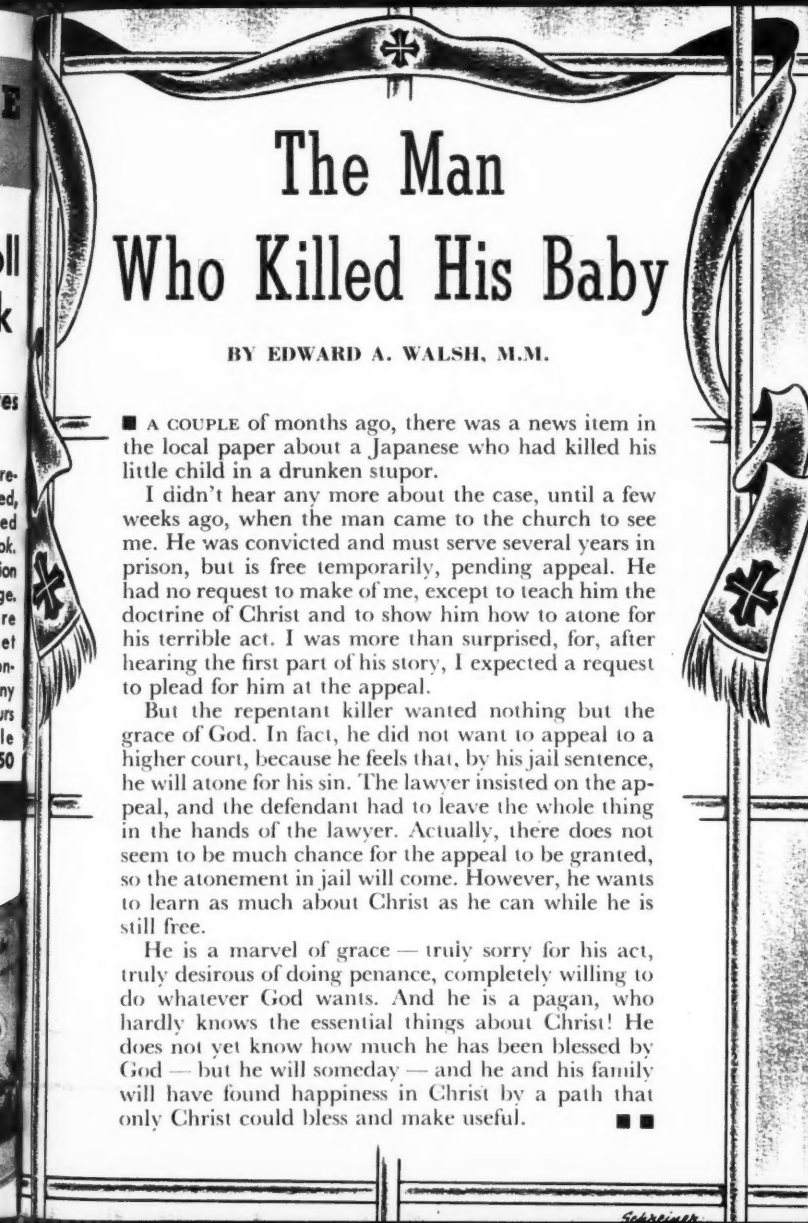
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# The Man Who Killed His Baby

BY EDWARD A. WALSH, M.M.

■ A COUPLE of months ago, there was a news item in the local paper about a Japanese who had killed his little child in a drunken stupor.

I didn't hear any more about the case, until a few weeks ago, when the man came to the church to see me. He was convicted and must serve several years in prison, but is free temporarily, pending appeal. He had no request to make of me, except to teach him the doctrine of Christ and to show him how to atone for his terrible act. I was more than surprised, for, after hearing the first part of his story, I expected a request to plead for him at the appeal.

But the repentant killer wanted nothing but the grace of God. In fact, he did not want to appeal to a higher court, because he feels that, by his jail sentence, he will atone for his sin. The lawyer insisted on the appeal, and the defendant had to leave the whole thing in the hands of the lawyer. Actually, there does not seem to be much chance for the appeal to be granted, so the atonement in jail will come. However, he wants to learn as much about Christ as he can while he is still free.

He is a marvel of grace — truly sorry for his act, truly desirous of doing penance, completely willing to do whatever God wants. And he is a pagan, who hardly knows the essential things about Christ! He does not yet know how much he has been blessed by God — but he will someday — and he and his family will have found happiness in Christ by a path that only Christ could bless and make useful. ■ ■

*Schubert*





**Tokiya Tokonami conducts a class at Kinugasa church after Sunday Mass.**

# CONTACT MAN

**Meet our Tokiya Tokonami**  
**— catechist extraordinary.**

**BY GEORGE HIRSCHBOECK, M.M.**

■ DURING World War II, a young Japanese university student, who was expected to die of pneumonia and appendicitis, was lying in his bed, listening to the explosion of bombs being dropped over his city. His mother had told him that the doctors had given up hope for his recovery, and that he should resign himself to death.

As the bombs fell, the young man remembered some talks on the Catholic religion, which he had heard given during lunch hours at his university. He sent for a Catholic priest and asked for baptism.

Happily, this young man, Tokiya Tokonami, recovered and became a zealous lay worker in his parish in Tokyo. There Father Alfred J.

**MARYKNOLL**



The good catechist uses singing as a means to attract new Christians.

Smith made his acquaintance and invited him to Hikone to help start a new parish. A few months later I was getting a parish under way at Kinugasa, and Father Smith generously agreed to allow Tokiya to come and help me. It was thus that I learned to appreciate the value of the zealous, intelligent lay catechist.

A foreign missionary must study Japanese diligently to acquire sufficient skill to meet Japanese intellectuals on their own level. Few of us are able to do that. But a catechist such as Tokiya, with a university education and a vital interest in current affairs, can meet intellectuals on their own ground.

On Saturday evenings, Tokiya instructs ten intellectuals in a pri-

vate home. The group includes a number of school teachers, two artists, a poet, a Communist, and an ex-Communist. Although they have not asked for baptism, their positions have changed radically. Tokiya has brought them to the point where they admire the doctrine of the Church and can no longer remain indifferent to it.

Tokiya, who is not yet thirty, also has great influence on the student class. His refreshingly modern personality, so enthusiastic for the Faith, appeals to students who are looking for something more solid than the shallow intellectualism so common in their schools.

At the same time, with working people, also, Tokiya is a success.



Accompanied by the author, Tokiya teaches a group in a private home.

For them, he adjusts his teaching methods to include singing. His tenor voice is a great aid in teaching hymns after the instruction, and in general causing the people to enjoy coming to church. With a catechist like Tokiya the Legion of Mary, the Young Christian Workers, and the student-discussion groups develop stimulating programs.

Tokiya's own illness has conditioned him for a fruitful apostolate in hospitals. In our parish, there are six hospitals where catechetical work is being done. Most of it is individual work, and one who has been sick himself can do a lot to make sufferers realize the Christian value of suffering.

The catechist in the course of his daily life, and in the way he

practices Christianity, shows those interested in the Church just how Christianity is applied in the work-a-day world. When Tokiya was married recently, it was an occasion of rejoicing for the whole parish. Many of the people he had led to the Faith and had instructed were on hand for the wedding Mass. They had known him as a pious, zealous catechist; now they would know him as a zealous family man. All of this will do much to show our Christians a living example of the Holy Family in their midst.

If Japan had more catechists like Tokiya, our apostolate would be wider and deeper. But to have even one such catechist is a rare blessing. The successful catechist must have a university education and the op-



**Catechist with his family at Father Edward Barron's mission in Sonobe.**

portunity to learn some basic theology. He must have an attractive personality, and not be afraid to go out and bang on doors to bring in catechumens. He must lead a spiritual life that will give him the necessary apostolic motivation for his work. The priest for whom he works must treat him as a co-worker and provide him with a salary that will allow him living conditions equal to those of any respectable professional man in Japan. To employ such a catechist, is naturally a severe strain on limited mission funds, but it is well worth any sacrifices that must be made. For, in the work of spreading God's kingdom, such a catechist is truly a key man.

If it is true that our era is the

"age of the laity" in the universal Church, it is also true that the present mission era is an age of intelligent, wide-awake catechists, who are the right arms of missionary priests. Men like Tokiya Tokonami are the leaders in the struggle to plant the cross of Christ in the hearts of people who know not their Saviour.

The vocation of Tokiya, and of persons like him, is a special vocation of specific Catholic action in the missions. God speed the day when there will be many more like Tokiya to fight side by side with missionary priests in the Church's missionary offensive. The next time you hear an appeal for catechist funds, think of zealous men like our Tokiya Tokonami. ■ ■

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## **OF MARYKNOLL IN CHILE**

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Two horses to pull school bus (each)	\$ 50
Rosaries, medals, scapulars	\$ 3
Milk (ten cans)	\$ 1

**The Maryknoll Fathers**

**Maryknoll P.O.**

**New York**



# Give It, Papa!

BY CARL PULS, M.M.

■ WE WERE talking the other night about one of Father James Curtin's parishioners. Domingo had bought a jeep and started to haul passengers from Huehuetenango to Barillas, a distance of eighty miles, over roads a self-respecting mountain goat wouldn't use. Domingo's jeep would carry eight passengers besides the driver he hired (Domingo couldn't drive) and the boy whose job it was to check on the driver and watch the baggage.

Soon, to cut down expenses, Domingo decided to learn to drive. Thereafter he operated the jeep. One day coming down a hill with sharp curves, he had the boy direct him as he backed up around a bend.

"Give it, Papa!" cried the boy. "More, Papa. More!"

Domingo gave it a little too much more. Domingo, the jeep, and a thousand pounds of coffee went over the side of the road. Fortunately, a tree stopped the jeep, not

long after it began its plunge over the precipice, and Domingo finally got it back to the road.

Domingo drove the jeep back to the agency in Guatemala City. "Take it back," he said to the dealer. "It has no guts!"

The dealer looked the jeep over and found the gears worn down like grinding stones, no grease, and no brakes. He began pulling broken parts out, throwing them in a pile.

"Where have you been with this jeep, Domingo?" the dealer asked.

"You told me that it would go anywhere," said Domingo, "so I took it anywhere."

Domingo got enough money back after selling the jeep to buy a machine that makes delicious *Tere-sito* sausages. Now he has a stand by the roadside. Every time I pass Domingo's stand, I call out and ask if he wants to go for a ride.

He smiles knowingly and replies, "*Mañana, Padre. Maybe tomorrow!*"



## Outstretched Hands

Is poverty of the body a fate worse than poverty of the soul?

BY ALEXIS UTTENDORFER, M.M.

■ DAY AFTER day they come, sometimes many, sometimes only a few, but all with plaintive cry and outstretched hand. They are beggars of Puno. They are of many and varied types but all have one thing in common and that is utter wretchedness. Miserable, filthy rags cover or partly cover their bodies, and one wonders how they can stand the cold of these Andean highlands. Almost without exception, they have no shoes and the bottoms of their feet are as tough as leather, a half inch thick.

Some, undoubtedly, are fakers

who prey on charitable persons. But who is going to stop to investigate this one or that one? Far better to give the small coin that is all the average beggar expects than to deny one who is in real need. We remember that it is to Christ in His poor that we give, and also humbly remember that we, too, are Christ's poor, living on the charity of good Catholics at home who enable us to take the light of faith, hope and charity to less fortunate brothers of ours.

They are a picturesque group, these beggars, and in the course of

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time we get to identify them among ourselves by nicknames. Take Smiley, for instance. He's a real character. The children call him Koly nos because he has the most wonderful set of pure white and perfect teeth you could imagine. And yet it is certain they have never known the touch

of a toothbrush which would be regarded a curiosity among these Indians. His smile is irresistible, and even though we suspect he is a fake he seldom goes away without his portion. He has a perfect body and is as strong as a horse, and he looks for all the world like Ali Baba minus the forty thieves. He affects to be half-witted and a mute but one day, after having learned a bit of the Quechua language, I asked him, "Why don't you go to work?" "My heart," he said. "It's bad! I can't work." Smiley disappears for months at a time and we suspect some of that time is spent in jail but he is a cheerful rogue. He must get on the train and get put off at each succeeding station, too, because he has been seen in outlying villages on many occasions. Then, one day, back he comes with his smile and his outstretched hand.

There's a whole group of blind beggars. One, a comparatively young man is led around by a six-year-old boy. Another blind one who can manage the streets and doorways by himself, carries a cloth bag over his shoulder in which is stuck a most dilapidated fiddle. Somehow

or other he makes music with it but what a horrible, discordant music it is! When we spot him coming in the door, we usually rush out and hand him a coin before he takes out

that instrument of torture!

Women are well represented among the lot and some of the names we give them are

not complimentary. One looks like Medusa; another like the witch out of *Macbeth*. It is sad to see to what condition a woman can be reduced by want and lack of care.

There is another kind of beggar in these mountain villages. These represent the vast majority of the population. And the sad truth is that they do know that they are beggars. But the eye of the missionary can see those invisible outstretched hands from the souls all about him pleading for spiritual aid that only a missionary can give. Those outstretched hands, invisible and unknown to their owners, belong to a people who have been left without priests for many generations, who have to be awakened to the needs of their souls. Those are the ones for whom the missionary has come.

And so it is the privilege of the missionary to fill these human hands — not only with the coins of charity — but also to fill those invisible hands which beckon from all sides, and which some day, please God, will be filled with the joy and peace of Christ and the fullness of everlasting life. ■ ■

#### THE HARP

without strings is useless, but a gift  
without strings is extra welcome, for  
it can be used in any emergency.

We welcome stringless gifts.



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Cambridge's Father Stephen B. Edmonds baptizes some refugee children.

# The Freedom Kids at the Bamboo Gate

■ HONG KONG is the last major outpost of the free world before the Bamboo Curtain of Red China is reached. The British colony has tripled its population in the last few years because of asylum given to those who fled China's tyranny.

Thousands of refugee parents have had children born to them in

Hong Kong. These youngsters are British subjects and will grow up breathing the pure air of freedom.

Hong Kong's children will face a host of problems. Because of the refugee influx, housing is scarce, schools crowded, and jobs at a premium. The missionaries give what help they can. ■ ■

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIZABETH REID AND MARCUS MAK



**Wearing hand-me-downs donated by Catholics in the United States, these bright and friendly Hong Kong youngsters move into their future with hope and confidence.**





**FACES OF TOMORROW.** Our photographer, Marcus Mak, made these striking studies as he roamed Hong Kong, photographing refugee life.

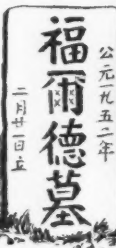




# Will you take his place?



**BISHOP FORD** DIED IN A COMMUNIST PRISON JUST THREE YEARS AGO. HIS "CRIME" WAS PREACHING CHRIST'S GOSPEL OF PEACE - A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO MILLIONS OF OPPRESSED CHINESE. HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR CHRIST - AFTER 34 YEARS OF LABORING FOR SOULS. HIS WORK MUST NOT CEASE. PRIESTS AND BROTHERS ARE NEEDED TO LABOR FOR CHRIST - IN MISSION LANDS ALL OVER THE WORLD. THEY MUST COME FROM AMONG TODAY'S BOYS. NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK OF YOUR LIFE WORK. WILL YOU JOIN BISHOP FORD'S FORCES FOR CHRIST?



BURIED IN THE COUNTRY WHERE HE SERVED AS A MISSIONARY, BISHOP

FORD WILL LIVE ON IN THE WORK DONE BY THOSE WHO FOLLOW HIM. WILL YOU CARRY ON IN BISHOP FORD'S PLACE? PERHAPS YOU CAN. WRITE TODAY FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.



**The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

Dear Fathers:

Yes I am interested in knowing about the kind of work Bishop Ford performed so ably and courageously. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest ☐

Brother ☐

understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....

■ ONCE upon a time an African farmer named Mr. Rabbit had a bull, just one bull. It was a state of poverty that vexed him sorely because his neighbors had twenty or thirty cows. Mr. Rabbit wanted to get married, but the bride price was twenty cows, and all he had was one lone bull.

"Let me think, plan, and devise," Mr. Rabbit said to himself one day. "I must strike upon a method to get me some cows."

Just then he got an idea. He cut off his bull's tail and stuck it in the ground, leaving only the tassel tip waving in the air. Quickly he led the rest of the bull off and hid him in the bush.

The schemer then came back and set up a wailing: "Wa! Wa! Wa! Help! Help! Come quickly."

Mr. Rabbit's neighbors gathered quickly and asked the wherefore of the hysterical grief.

"Look!" he moaned. "I was driving my bull to pasture. He stumbled into a hole, and the earth fell on top, burying him! Help me to pull my bull out."

The good neighbors set themselves to the task. They got in line for a tug of war. Meanwhile, Mr. Rabbit lay on the ground, pounding the earth in pretended despair.

The anchor man grasped the tail firmly; his neighbor tackled him around the waist; the third got a similar hold on the second; and so on down the line until twenty neighbors were ready to pull mightily.

With a huge "Heave ho!" they gave a great tug — the tail popped out of the ground — the team fell backwards, one on top of another.

# THE TALE OF A TAIL

BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.

"Wa! Wa! Wa!" wailed Mr. Rabbit. "What shall I do now? You broke his tail off. 'Twas the only tail attached thereto, and now you went and detached it therefrom. You will have to give me a bull or cow — each one of you."

The perfidy of Mr. Rabbit was quickly apparent to his neighbors, but not to the stupid village chief who sat in judgment on the case. The chief ruled that, since twenty neighbors had a hand in breaking the handle, thereby removing the last hope for extricating the farmer's patrimony from the earth, each of the twenty would have to supply one cow. And so it was done before the sun descended.

Mr. Rabbit took his ill gotten herd, went into the bush and untethered his tailless bull, and then retired to a distant plain, where he lived ever after as a symbol to all Africans to beware of deceitful men. Those who tell the story do not say whether Mr. Rabbit ever got his wife. But there is a rumor around Shinyanga that he is dictating his memoirs, entitled, "The Tail of a Crime." ■ ■



# Against the Current

**It takes a big mixture to give new life to an old Catholicism.**

**BY JEROME P. GARVEY, M.M.**

■ IT WAS a balmy day in March, 1951, when I was formally installed as pastor here in Fatima. Father Richard Smith had been the first pastor. The recently finished, Spanish-style church, was designed by a Santiago architect and built entirely of adobe. It is an archi-

tectural gem, set in the midst of badly neglected homes, unpaved streets, and unwashed faces.

Previous to the establishment of the parish, this neighborhood had been one of the toughest in Talca. It is a tribute to Father Smith that so much had been done in so short a time, to give the place some semblance of respectability. Perhaps the principal cause of improvement was the school. It was built almost immediately after the church was finished. Over the years, the school has matured to the extent that it now has the full, six-year course

and has already graduated two classes of boys and girls.

Along with the school is our program of catechetics, which we have been developing over the years. Twice a week — one afternoon for girls and the other for boys — we have an hour of catechism. Our aim is to reach the children who attend the public school, so as to prepare them for First Communion and Confirmation. We are aided in this by a small group of older girls, who are developing a spirit all their own. Those girls visit the homes of the children to look over the situation, and let us know where help is needed and who is sick. When a child does not come to class, one of the older girls goes to his or her home, to ask the reason. In that way, we are kept in close contact with our parishioners.

Another phase of the catechism classes is the so-called "*Tarde Infantil*" that we have for the children every Sunday afternoon. There is no theater out this way, and they have no amusements.

We invite the youngsters in for a couple of hours of games. The catechists handle the girls, at times over a hundred of them, and one of us priests takes care of the boys. We play a modified form of bowling, with little wooden balls, and it has proved to be an unending attraction for the boys. We pair them off, and the game starts. After chalking up a number of points, the bowlers are treated to candy, and it is surprising to see how fast that goes! We have had as many as sixty boys playing at once, while we sit and keep tabs and hand out candy. At

the end of the afternoon, all the children line up at the gate, so that each may receive a piece of candy before going home. It is the fastest method we have developed yet for sending them on their way.

Our parish set-up is somewhat complicated by the fact that a river divides the area just about across the middle. The main part — Fatima — where the parish church is located, is actually out of the city limits, and its people are farm and factory workers, though there is a sprinkling of white-collar workers.

The other section — Purisima — is within the city limits, and its people are, on the whole, in better circumstances. There we have a chapel, with a seating capacity of about 230 persons. The chapel is a monument to Father Dominic J. Morrisette, who began it. It needs a wooden or tile floor to complete the picture; but with the building of a convent on our hands, we have been unable to attend to the floor. The chapel is well furnished and even has an organ, which Father Frederick J. Hegarty secured.

It is the lack of people — grown-ups — that is most noticeable. For nearly four years, we have been trying to stir up the Faith. Father Hegarty has been burning himself out for nearly a year, spending a great part of his day visiting homes to arouse the people, but so far, they have not responded. We shall have a mission for them next week. Indifference is not an easy attitude to overcome, and that is the principal problem here.

The Chilean workman does not want anyone else to tell him how to

run his life. The diocese of Talca, under the able direction of Bishop Manuel Larrain, has constantly been in the forefront with regard to the social question. Two priests are permanently assigned to deal with social problems, but they have won little response. Give the boys a show or a picnic, or organize football teams, and everything meets with success. But try to get them in in numbers for a really serious talk, and they vanish.

Our best means of making contact with our people is the distribution of mimeographed bulletins, which we send to every home in the parish. We try to get in a bit of doctrine at the same time, because we know that the printed page will be read. In the four years we have been here, we have never found any bulletin thrown away, and some families have the complete collection.

We attempt to vary the diet a bit. One year we used Father Stedman's Missal with the explanation of the Mass. Another year we ran little homilies on the Sunday Gospels, and used the same material as the basis of our Sunday sermons.

At least two or three times a year, we have a house-to-house campaign for one thing or another. Some very interesting cases are discovered by the visitors, and are reported to us. The poor, the sick, the priest-haters, all are contacted; and something is done for each case, if possible. At the same time, those parishioners who are helping

us in the work see what some other people have to put up with.

Just recently, we had a striking case. A family had moved into the parish about a year previously, and had made few friends. The mother was quite ill. The father, who had worked in the copper mines for years, could do very little because of silicosis.

One evening the youngest daughter came in after rosary, and asked us to visit her mother. We went at once with the sick-call set, and found the poor woman unconscious and breathing her last. After I had anointed her, I told the children there was no hope, and shortly she was dead. The father was not at home; and when I dropped around after Mass next morning, I learned that he had gone out to try to buy a coffin. All day long he trudged from place to place, looking for the cheapest possible. He did not get home with the box (it was nothing more) until nearly six o'clock in the evening. Meantime, the three little girls spent the entire day alone, with their mother dead in her bed. They were frightened, not knowing what else to do.

After evening devotions, we went to the dead woman's house to say the rosary and found one of our catechists ready to join us—the only mourner up to that moment. She spent a good part of the night with the family, and her generosity will be appreciated and rewarded in heaven. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL

**IF YOU MOVE**  
**please send us your old address**  
**as well as the new, in advance.**  
**This will save us money and**  
**guarantee delivery of your**  
**magazine.**

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## *Kitty Needs It More Than I*

■ MILK is a commonplace to you, I know; but down here in Chile, it is something like champagne in a diamond-studded goblet. For our poor children, it is worth a lot more.

We are giving out milk daily to our thousand ragamuffins of the Buzeta district of Santiago. The children bring their own cups from home. As they hold them out to be filled, we Sisters could weep at the poverty, if we were not laughing at

**Santiago's poor children line up  
for "champagne" from Sister.**

**BY SISTER MARIE ESTELLE**

the odd shapes of what pass for the "cups."

Some are very fancy, indeed — made out of the butter cans that



Sister Henrietta with a few of her ragged "tin cup" boys in Santiago.

were in the last relief packages. A few have wire twisted around the can to form a handle. And I saw one with a piece of tin soldered on to the side, a *real* handle! And was Antonio proud of it!

Some containers are huge: they hold almost a pint. The youngsters with small cups come back for refills, three or four times. They can have as much as they can drink. But there is the catch. The authorities are afraid that milk taken home will be sold; therefore it must be used at once. The children may not bring bottles to take milk to a little

sister or brother at home. However, they often try to do it. Once a cup of milk spilled on the floor in the classroom. Pedro had to own up that he had hidden it in his desk to take home. Sister Stephanie Marie went down the aisle to the little culprit and said: "But Pedro, you know we can't let you take milk out of the school. Is there somebody at home who needs it?"

Pedro looked up ruefully from the puddle of precious milk on the floor. "Oh, yes, Sister!" he said. "My kitty is sick. I was taking it home to him."

■ ■





ARE  
YOU  
IN  
THIS?

YOU certainly are!

You are there, really and truly,

IF you have helped to train these Sisters,

IF you have aided in paying their passage across the seas,

IF you are, even now, assisting in their support.

Together, you and they are taking Christ's love to thousands  
who know Him not.

---

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, New York**

Here is \$..... which will put me into such a mission picture.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$.....  
a month to help support a Sister.

# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

### Tradition Builders

I was very much impressed to see the list of Maryknollers who have died violent deaths. It seems to me that we do not appreciate our own times enough. We hear about the great ages of martyrdom of the past, but we are living in an age that future historians will pay much attention to. I am sure those brave missionaries have contributed much to the wonderful Maryknoll traditions.

J. C. DURHAM

Hartford

I knew that being a missionary was dangerous, but I never realized so many died on the job. I am ashamed at the little help I have been giving.

MRS. ROBERT BRODERICK

San Francisco

The pictures of the Maryknoll priests and Brothers who gave their lives for Our Lord are certainly inspiring. I put the page on our school bulletin board. It will give the children some idea of what the missionary must suffer to do his work. Who knows but, by seeing it, one of our own boys may be inspired to become another Bishop Ford or Bishop Byrne. I have asked the children to pray for these Maryknollers.

SISTER M. HENRY

New York

60

### Firsthand

It is indeed a pleasure to receive MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR so regularly since my initiation to your splendid magazine. I have been able to see some of the wonderful works of mercy being performed by the wholly unselfish Maryknoll Sisters in their clinic at Pusan, Korea. The series of interviews on Japan are of great interest to me. I hope to be able to render some additional assistance to the missions and the people of Japan in the coming year.

M/SGT GLENN E. ASHLEY

San Francisco

### Motivation

I believe your magazine helps to convey a good understanding in words and pictures of missionary activities and what is being accomplished. It is my opinion that it gives the lay people a better understanding and appreciation of the need for their money and prayers.

JOHN A. WIRANT

Bridgeville, Pa.

### Breath-taking

Those pictures of the Formosan aborigines were breath-taking. No other Catholic magazine can even remotely approach your excellent photography.

MARGARET BRICE

Washington

MARYKNOLL

## Helpers

This dollar Denny and I earned by mowing the lawn. My mother put in a dollar too. Your friends —

DENNY & MIKE KERWIN  
Jackson, Mich.

## Still a Believer

A few weeks ago, I sent you a letter from our nine-year-old helper, Nick Salla. He had lost his baseball glove and asked us to pray to the Holy Ghost that he would find it. I promised to pray and told him that, whether or not he found the glove, he should still have faith in the Holy Ghost as his friend. Here is his answer.

FATHER JEREMIAH BRENNAN, M.M.  
Philadelphia

## (Enclosure)

Dear Father:

I did not get my glove but I still believe in the Holy Ghost as my friend. God bless you. I wish you get 6,000 more priests instead of sixty.

Nick Salla

## Re-creation

Several years ago I had the good fortune to visit Peru and Bolivia. During the course of the trip, I went to Machu Picchu. I don't think I shall ever see anything to equal that sight. Your article on "The Lost City" brought back the thrill I experienced that day, when I looked out over the rugged mountains and wondered how the Indians ever managed to build a city so high and remote. We spent two nights in the little hotel at Machu Picchu, and three days exploring the ruins. Thank you, MARYKNOLL, for re-creating that wonderful experience.

M. L. WEBSTER

Los Angeles

## Martyr's Seed

Here is a small verse I was inspired to jot down after reading of the exploits of Bishop Ford, and his lifelong request that he become a "stepping stone" for China's conversion:

O Lord, may Thy martyr's seed,  
Ground underfoot by grimy boot,  
Moistened by foul spittle,  
Warmed by Satanic fire,  
Enriched by wanton dirt,  
Break through the crimson floor  
And rise straight and strong  
To tell once more in sweeping scents  
The story of Your love,  
And cover with its perfume  
The foul respite.

JOSEPH P. COLLINS

Brooklyn

## Intolerance

Catholics are the most intolerant of people. It is getting so that a man can't open his mouth and give his own opinion without everyone jumping on him. I don't agree with that John Valente, but I think he has a right to say what he wants to say without all your readers hitting him over the head with a bat.

HAROLD BRYCE

Los Angeles

## In the Air

There must be something intoxicating in the air of Riberalta, Bolivia. The best writers in your magazine write from there. The articles by Father Fritz gave my family many a chuckle years ago. Now this Father McMonigal comes along with even funnier stories. Let's have more of him every month. And what happened to Father Fritz? We'd love to have his yarns back again.

MR. & MRS. HARRY HAUSS

Des Moines

# Bamboo Wireless

Unexpected death came to Maryknoll's Father JOHN FISHER while on a brief vacation in North Carolina. Father and Marine Lieutenant WILLIAM BYRNE went fishing. The boat capsized. After three hours in the water, Father suffered a heart attack. Lieutenant BYRNE lashed the body to the overturned boat and swam two hours to shore. He led the Coast Guard back to search for the body which was not found until four days later when fishermen discovered it.

\* \* \*

Inflation Note: Father JAMES A. FLAHERTY reports that Bolivia buys sugar from Peru with dollars loaned by the U.S.A., and sells at controlled prices. Peruvians living along the Bolivian border, cross over and buy back their sugar at half the price it sells for in Peru.

\* \* \*

The blessing and dedication of the new Maryknoll chapel and other construction at Maryknoll headquarters will take place in May. On May 8 members of the hierarchy and clergy will participate. Cardinal SPELLMAN will officiate, and Archbishop RITTER of St. Louis will preach. May 10 will be visiting day for Sisters. On May 13 an "open house" will be held for the laity. Large crowds are expected on each of these days.

\* \* \*

In Chungju, Korea, Father WILBUR BORER gets a helping hand from U.S. Army personnel. He reports that his most devoted helper is a young man named LUTHER! . . . Recommended: For profitable and really enjoyable reading get the latest Maryknoll Book Treasure, The Maryknoll Golden Book. It's a real find.

\* \* \*

Writing to Bishop RAYMOND A. LANE to acknowledge the gift of his biography, Ambassador in Chains, General DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR paid tribute to the late Bishop PATRICK J. BYRNE. "His was a great soul," wrote the General, "and his passing left a gap in the Far East that has never quite been filled." . . . Father WALTER J. MAXCY has been assigned to represent Maryknoll in the New England area.





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# Simple Story



BY ROBERT E. LEE, M.M.

■ CONCEPCION Cituk literally took a flier. He stepped into the small Cessna plane to go to the hospital in Merida, the capital of Yucatan. Father Francis W. Collins, pastor of the Maya Indians scattered in the Quintana Roo bush, had arranged the trip for him so that he might be treated for a bad skin eruption.

On the way up, Concepcion flew over the chicle forests, where each year his fellow Indians, living in the palm-thatched huts below, bleed the zapote trees for chewing-gum resin. Soon, as the little plane approached Merida, the hemp plantations could be seen.

Father Peter Petrucci, who had spent five years working in the villages belonging to Concepcion's tribe, was at the airport to receive him and take him to the O'Horan Hospital. When Concepcion was safely in his bed, it was noted that he had something clasped in his hand. It looked like a piece of leather. Close investigation, however, showed it to be a piece of dried deer meat. In case there was going to be a "rainy day" in this strange place, he wasn't going to be caught short as far as food was concerned.

A round of injections and of pill swallowing began for Concepcion, and it was not long before he showed improvement. Yet he complained of

being hungry. It was wild turkey season back in the bush and maybe his dreams were filled with visions of barbecued birds.

When the third of May, the Feast of the Holy Cross, approached, the patient began straining at the leash. On that day and for nine days preceding, the Mayas gather for a big fiesta in honor of the Holy Cross. There are all sorts of food offerings, including corn gruel fortified by hard spirits. The Indians pray, dance, and have a mock bullfight. It's *the* event of the year for Concepcion's tribesmen.

As May wore on, and Concepcion felt even better, and signs of rain appeared in the sky, there was no holding him. The call of the corn field was too strong. The doctor might have wished to keep him a little longer to make sure that the treatment was fully completed. But no — off went Concepcion, a couple of bottles of tonic under his arm and pills in his bag. This time he ignored the plane and went off perched on the top of a cargo truck, which passes near his village. Right now, he must be swinging back and forth in his hemp hammock — and regaling the jungle natives with accounts which begin, "Now, when I was in the big city hospital . . ."





# WANT



# ADS

## **Donations to Maryknoll are Federal Income Tax deductible.**

**Invest \$20** and draw dividends. How? Support a mission catechist. He will spend his full time teaching religion to non-Christians who are eager to learn. The \$20 will pay his salary one month. Angels will record your dividends and profit in letters of gold in the Book of Life.

**"Would It Be Possible,"** writes a missionary in Central America, "to persuade some generous souls to donate an altar crucifix (large) and a vesting case? Each \$100."

**Say It With Music.** It will be sacred music to the ears of new Christians in Kyoto, Japan. An organ is needed in a new church soon to be dedicated. And the missionaries need \$300 to defray the cost!

**As Indians Pray,** they will honor Our Lord's passion and remember your intentions — if you provide a set of Stations of the Cross for a mission in the Bolivian mountains. Cost, \$75.

**Peru's Indian Boys** vie with each other for the honor of serving Mass. Six altar boys left Puno last year, to study for the priesthood. Cassocks and surplices are needed for the 35 altar boys now in Puno. Each boy's outfit costs only \$10.

**So They May Sew.** A very welcome aid would be a sewing machine, in our Maswa mission, Africa. It can be sent for \$100.

**McNamara's Band** has them! Now the mission school band in Musoma, Africa, needs drums. A gift of \$25 will buy the drums and rejoice the rhythm makers.

**All Requests in One "Ask-it!"** Babies in Chile need clothing, milk, food, medicine, to sustain and protect their frail little bodies. A total of \$750 is asked. But any gift will help preserve a life. Be a lifesaver.

**It's No Bed of Roses** for the new missionary in Taipei, Formosa. In fact, there's no bed at all! For \$15, he could buy a bed that would provide needed rest after weary days.

**Invest in Land** with a guarantee that you can take your profits out — in heaven! Three new missions are needed in Korea. Land for each costs \$3,000. How many feet will you buy — at \$1 a foot?

**Play time** will be gay time for 100 Chinese children in a Hong Kong refugee camp if you send us \$300, or part thereof, for swings, seesaws, basketballs, soccer balls and other playtime supplies.

**Thankful for Tankful.** A missionary in Musoma, Africa, will be able to go where he is needed, if you will fill his jeep with oil and gas. One filling costs \$6. Will you provide it?





## Will You Back Him?

**Will you support a Maryknoll missionary? He gives his life. Will you go "part way" and back him, if not for the full 30 days, then for 20, 10, 5, or even 1 or 2 days a month — any number you wish? Try it for a few months! You may discontinue at any time. By sharing in the sacrifices of a missionary, you share also in his Masses, his prayers, his reward. Help yourself by helping him.**

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

**Dear Maryknoll Fathers:**

While I can, I will give \$..... each month towards the \$30 needed monthly to help support a Maryknoll missionary . . . Please send me a monthly reminder. . . . I understand that this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will, and should not interfere with personal or parish obligations.

My Name.....

My Address.....

My City.....Zone.....State.....

# People are Interesting!

## St. Martin and the Beggar



1. Martin, handsome young officer in the Roman army, was studying Christ's doctrine for baptism.



2. One winter's day in France, an almost-naked beggar by the road asked help in the bitter cold.



3. Forthwith, Martin halved his military cloak with his sword, covered the poor beggar's back.



4. That night Christ appeared to Martin wearing his cloak and saying, "Martin gave Me his cloak."



5. Martin the catechumen asked immediately for baptism and determined to become a missionary.



6. Thus St. Martin of Tours began his career as one of Europe's most renowned apostolic leaders.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



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